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184 361 [609] isolation in Tenganan that there is an official specially appointed to sweep the village after the visits of strangers, to obliterate their footprints. Such is the obsession for

[115] We became acquainted with I-Tanggú, a youngish man with fingernails four inches long, who was the *perbekel* of Tenganan, the representative of his village with the Dutch Government. We were surprised to find him quite sociable. Once we played host to him in Den Pasar and from then on we were often invited to visit Tenganan. Unlike the rest of the villages in Bali, there is hardly any vegetation around the Tenganan houses, which are all exactly alike and are arranged in rows on each side of stone-paved avenues. In the central place is the council house where the Elders meet, a long shed about ten feet wide by some seventy feet long, strongly built and apparently very old. Farther along are other buildings for public use, the purpose of some kept a secret. The most curious are the unique mill for grinding *kemiri* [252] [788] nuts to obtain oil, and the wooden Ferris-wheel, usually dismantled, in which the women revolve for hours in a strange rite. The dwelling of I-Tanggú is just like all the others: a small gate 342 reached by a flight of steps leads into a court in which are the sleeping-quarters, the kitchen, and a long house for relatives and [775] for storage. There is also a small empty shrine where the spirits may rest when they visit their descendants.

184 [142] [302] The people of Tenganan are tall, slender, and aristocratic in a rather ghostly, decadent way, with light skins and refined manners. The majority of the men still wear their hair long. They are proud and look down even on the Hindu-Balinese nobility, who respect them and leave them alone. They live in a strange 423 communistic or, rather, patriarchal-communalistic system in which individual ownership of property is not recognized and in which even the plans and measurements of the houses are set and alike for everybody. The village of Tenganan owns communally enormous tracts of fertile and well-cultivated lands that fill every need of the village and make it one of the richest in the

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474 575 [345] [423] halls, the *balé bandjar*, a club-house without special religious significance, with its drum-tower to call to meetings. The *balé bandjar* is provided with a kitchen and with all sorts of cooking-implements: pots and pans, chopping-blocks, knives, etc., which [422] are lent to members who require them. The *bandjars* also own the village orchestras and the dancing-properties — costumes, masks, and head-dresses — which are stored in a *gedong*, a brick building where they are safe from theft or fire.

517 575 The men spend most of their spare time in the *balé bandjar*, gossiping, trying out their fighting cocks, watching a rehearsal of a play or of the orchestra, or just sitting. If the *bandjar* is prosperous, it takes great pride in giving elaborate banquets with music and entertainment. These may happen at the great national festivals, at the anniversary of their little *bandjar* temple, or at the inauguration of a new roof, a new orchestra or dancing-group. But also the private festivals of the members become *bandjar* affairs, and *bandjars* like Belaluan, where we lived, celebrated 574 252 feasts with staggering frequency. Only the men may prepare banquet food, and often we were awakened in the middle of the 462 night by the *kulkuls* calling them to kill the turtles and the pigs 575 [202] for a feast. Banquet food takes long to prepare and the animals have to be slaughtered in the middle of the night to ensure the freshness of the meat and of the sauces in the difficult climate of Bali. After two in the morning before a feast everybody was busy; the men chopping meat, cooking, scraping coconuts, building sheds and altars; the women carrying water, making offerings, cutting out ornaments of palm-leaf or wrapping individual packages of *sirih* and betel for the guests.

574 517 By noon the banquet took place, the men sitting in the *balé bandjar* in two long rows facing each other with their individual mountains of rice, pig, and turtle meats served in large squares of banana leaf, drinking *tuak* and making loud jokes. When the [515] meal was over, *kendis* of water were passed so that the guests [264] could wash their hands and mouths. The rest of the day and 517

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preside over the kitchen. It is called *brahma*, not the supreme lord of the Hindus, but simply meaning "fire," an animistic fire god.

The food that Balinese gourmets eat at festivals is as elaborate as any in the world and will be described later in detail, but the daily meal is extremely simple. A mound of boiled cold rice with salt and chili-pepper was sufficient, our house-boy Dog claimed, to keep body and soul together for a Balinese like himself. The daily diet of Gusti and his noble family was the same cold white rice (*nasi*, a synonym for food in general), helped, however, by a side dish of vegetables chopped together with a dozen or so of spices, aromatics, grated coconut and the hottest chili-pepper in the world.

Gusti's wives did the cooking; Siloh Biang prepared the rice while Sagung scraped coconut in a *kikian*, a board bristling with little iron points, chopped the ingredients for the sauce, or fried them in coconut oil in an iron pan (*pengorengan*). Some eat their daily rice simply boiled in a clay pot, but in our household they preferred it steamed; they washed the grain repeatedly until the waters lost their milky colour and came out transparent, boiled it for a while, and when it was half done put it into a funnel-shaped basket (*kukusan*) covered with a heavy clay lid (*kekeb*) and steamed the whole over a special pot (*dangdang*) of boiling water. From time to time some of the boiling water was poured over the rice with a ladle of coconut shell to prevent it from drying up and sticking together. The result was a deliciously dry, separate rice that served as a medium for the peppery sauces. The food was prepared with cleanliness, everything carefully washed first, and the food covered until eaten with squares of banana leaf.

As soon as the rice was done, they prepared a tray of offerings (*ngedjot*) for the spirits that haunt the house: little squares of banana leaf, each with a few grains of rice, a flower, salt, and a dash of chili-pepper. No one could eat before the little portions were distributed in front of each of the house units: at the en-

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weaving is the main
occupation of the women of caste who feel above doing heavy 286
house labour, but they are not lazy and take to weaving with [564]
tenacity. In our house the wives and aunts of our host, all noble-
women with servants to do the housework, remained all day

Loom (*Prabot Tennun*)

A — Pendalan
B — Tjetjaga
C — Pengrorogan
D — Selaran
E — Bungbunggan
F — Yerining
G — Belida
H — Srat
I — Sumpil
J — Apit
K — Épor
L — Tunda

glued to their looms and often continued working into the night [354]
by the faint light of a petrol lamp.

Towards evening the ground of the house shook, resounding 252 ●
with deep, rhythmic thumping – the women threshing the rice 512
for the next day's meal. Two women pounded the rice in wood
mortars with long, heavy pestles, each dropping her pestle alter-
nately in unfailing, perfectly timed intervals, catching it on the
rebound with the other hand. Then the rice was separated from

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512 the husk by swishing it around in flat bamboo trays, the centrifu-
●[252] gal force throwing the chaff towards the outside.

Everybody bathed again when the work for the day was done;
[515] by then the sun had begun to set and the atmosphere had cooled,
so it was time to put on clean clothes, *tjempaka* blossoms in the
[301] women's hair, great hibiscus behind the ears of the men, and to
go visiting or take a stroll and be admired. Back from work, the
512 men sat in groups at the gates or in the middle of the road talk-
517 ing and fondling their fighting cocks until the sun dropped be-
hind the curtain of coconut palms. Sunset [2] comes suddenly in
the tropics and in a few seconds it was night, when the lamps
were lit and it was time to eat dinner, the cold food left from
lunch. There were many ways of spending an evening; elderly
men fond of *tuak*, palm beer, belonged to "*tuak* associations"
and met at the *balé bandjar*, summoned by a special tomtom.
Or if there was a rehearsal of the village orchestra or a meeting
at the *balé bandjar*, the men sat talking things over until they
were tired, going to bed about nine or ten. But if there was a
feast in the neighbourhood, or one of the frequent theatrical
performances, the whole family went to watch the show, re-
maining until it was over, long after midnight.

BALINESE COOKING

264 Although the daily meal was frugal, the Balinese seemed ex-
444 ceptionally well fed, and people were always nibbling at some-

[805] [2] The Balinese divide the day into eight periods (*dauh*) established by the position of the sun in the sky:

"One o'clock" (*dauh pisan*)	about 6 a.m., when the sun appears behind the trees.
"Two o'clock" (*dauh roh*)	about 8 a.m.
"Three o'clock" (*dauh telú*)	10 a.m.
"Four o'clock" (*dauh tepat*)	at noon.
"Five o'clock" (*dauh lima*)	about 2 p.m.
"Six o'clock" (*dauh nam*)	at 4 p.m.
"Seven o'clock" (*dauh pitú*)	at 6 p.m., when the sun goes down.
"Eight o'clock" (*dauh kutus*)	when it grows dark and the lamps are lit.

Generally the Balinese simply point to the place of the sun in the sky to indicate an hour. The night is divided thus: from sunset (*penalekan*), then midnight (*tenggah lemang*), to *galang tanah*, before dawn, when the earth becomes visible. Friederich mentions that in Badung there was a special *kulkul* in a clock-tower in which the hours were struck.

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ate such things, but he remarked that it was well to keep it in mind anyway. Being of the highest caste and a priest besides, he could not touch the flesh of cows, bulls, and pork, eat in the streets or in the market, drink alcohol, or even taste the food from offerings from which the essence had been consumed by the gods. Members of the high nobility — Brahmanas and Satrias — are forbidden to eat beef, but many of the lesser Gustis do not mind eating it.

Outside of these prohibitions the common people eat everything that walks, swims, flies, or crawls. Chicken, duck, pork, and more rarely beef and buffalo are the meats most commonly eaten, but the people are also fond of stranger foods such as dragon-flies, crickets, flying ants, and the larvæ of bees. Dragon-flies were caught in a most amusing manner; boys and girls wandered among the ricefields waving long poles, the ends of which were smeared with a sticky sap. The supposedly "rank-conscious" dragon-flies must always stand in the highest branches and all the boy had to do was to hold the stick above the place where a fly stood; it flew onto the sticky end of the pole and was caught in the trap. Great numbers were obtained in this curious manner, their wings taken off, and the bodies fried crisp in coconut oil with spices and vegetables. Great delicacies are also the scaled ant-eater (*klesih*), the flying fox (a great fruit bat), porcupines (*landak*), large lizards (*alú*), wild boar, squids, rice birds, from the *glatek* to the minute *petingan*, which was eaten bones and all, and all sorts of crayfish. In every food-stand we saw small fried eels from the ricefields, looking suspiciously like shrivelled baby snakes. Although dogs are included in the list of what not to eat, they are eaten in some of the remote villages in Klungkung and Gianyar, but the rest of the Balinese will have nothing to do with people of such disgusting habits.

With meat eaten only occasionally, the diet of the Balinese consists, besides rice, corn, and sweet potato, of vegetables and fruits, of which they have a great variety. Besides eggplant, papaya, coconut, bananas, pineapples, mangoes, oranges, mel-

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ons, peanuts, and so forth, there are others unknown among us, such as the delicious breadfruit (*timbul*), jackfruit (*nangka*), acacia leaves (*twi*), greens (*kangkung*), edible ferns (*pakú*), and extraordinary fruits such as *salak*, a pear-shaped fruit that grows on a palm, tastes like pineapple, and is covered by the most perfect imitation snakeskin; the delicate *djambú*, fragrant *waní*, the *rambutan* (a large sort of grape inside of a hairy transparent pink skin), the famous mangosteen (*manggis*) (for which a prize was offered by Queen Victoria to anyone who found the way to bring the fruit in good condition to England), and the stinking durien (*duren* in Bali). A good deal has been written both in favour of and against this spiky sort of custard apple, whose putrid smell has been compared with every decaying or evil-smelling thing from goats to rancid butter. The meat of the durien is a creamy custard, the undefinable flavour and texture of which develops into a passion among those used to eating it. Most Europeans, however, object to its offensive smell to such a degree that they forbid their servants to bring durien within a distance of their house. The fruits are eaten raw and the vegetables are boiled or fried after being washed carefully in a special bowl. The Balinese peel vegetables away and not towards themselves, as is done in the West. Although the Balinese are not fond of sweets, they make a delicious dessert of coconut cream with cinnamon, bananas, or breadfruit steamed in packages of banana leaf.

We have seen that the women are reduced to the routine of cooking the everyday meal, but when it comes to preparing banquet food, it is the men, as is universally the case, who are the great chefs and who alone can prepare the festival dishes of roast suckling pig (*bé guling*) and sea-turtle (*penyú*), the cooking of which requires the art of famous specialists. Few *bandjars* enjoyed as great a reputation for fine cooking as Belaluan; there the great banquet dishes were prepared most often because the *bandjar* was prosperous, and there lived famous cooks who were always in great demand to officiate at feasts. People spoke with

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252 anticipation when Pan Regog or Madé directed the preparation of epicurean dishes such as "turtle in four ways" or the delicious *saté lembat*.

On the road coming from the seaport of Benua we often met men from Belaluan staggering under the weight of a giant turtle flapping its paddles helplessly in space, and then we knew they were preparing for a feast. For days before the banquet of the *bandjar* four or five stupefied turtles crawled under the platforms of the *balé bandjar* awaiting the fateful moment when, in the middle of the night, the *kulkul* would sound to call the men to the gruesome task of sacrificing them. A sea-turtle possesses a strange reluctance to die and for many hours after the shell is removed and the flaps and head are severed from the body, the viscera continue to pulsate hysterically, the bloody members twitch weirdly on the ground, and the head snaps furiously. The blood of the turtle is carefully collected and thinned with lime juice to prevent coagulation. By dawn the many cooks and assistants are chopping the skin and meat with heavy chopping axes (*blakas*) on sections of tree-trunks (*talanan*), are grating coconuts, fanning fires, boiling or steaming great quantities of rice, or mashing spices in clay dishes (*tjobek*) with wooden pestles (*pengulakan*).

The indicated manners of preparing the turtle are the aforementioned four styles:

lawar: skin and flesh chopped fine and mixed with spices and raw blood;
getjok: chopped meat with grated coconut and spices;
urab gadang: same as above, but cooked in tamarind leaves (*asam*);
kiman: chopped meat and grated coconut cooked in coconut cream.

262 252 Coconut (*nyuh*) is an essential element for fine Balinese cooking. Grated coconut meat is mixed with everything, frying is done exclusively in coconut oil, coconut water is the standard

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drink to refresh one's guests, and a good deal of the food is cooked in rich coconut cream, *santén*, made by squeezing the grated coconut over and over into a little water until a heavy milk is obtained. Food containing coconut does not keep and must be eaten the same day.

Santén enters also into the composition of the other delicacy essential to banquets, the *saté lembat* or *leklat*. This is a delicious paste of turtle meat and spices, kneaded in coconut cream, with which the end of a thick bamboo stick is covered and which is then roasted over charcoals. The *saté lembat* is presented with an equal number of ordinary *saté*, little pieces of meat the size of dice strung on bamboo sticks "*en brochette*" and roasted over the coals, eaten dry or with a sauce. Rose was always poking around where cooking was going on, and to her I owe the following recipe for preparing the *saté lembat* given to her by the Belaluan cooks, who warned her, however, that it was a most difficult dish to prepare:

Take a piece of ripe coconut with the hard brown skin between the shell and the meat and roast it over the coals. The toasted skin is then peeled off and ground in a mortar. Next prepare the sauce: red pepper, garlic, and red onions browned in a frying-pan and then mixed with black pepper, ginger, tumeric, nutmeg, cloves, *srá* (pungent fermented fish paste), *isén* and *tjekóh* (aromatic roots resembling ginger), *ketumbah*, *ginten*, and so forth, adding a little salt, all mashed together with the toasted coconut skin, and fry the mixture until half done. Take red turtle meat without fat, chop very fine, and add to the sauce in a bowl, two and a half times as much meat as sauce. Add one whole grated coconut and mix well with enough *santén* to obtain a consistency that will adhere to the sticks, not too dry or too wet. Knead for an hour and a half as if making bread. Meantime sticks of bamboo of about ten inches long by a half-inch thick should be made ready and rounded at one end. Take a ball of the paste in the fingers and cover the end of the stick with it, beginning at the top and working down gradually, turning it all the time to

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252 give it the proper shape, then roast over the coals until done.

The *saté* can be made of pork or chicken, but turtle remains the favourite of the Balinese of Den Pasar. Turtles are expensive (about twenty dollars for a good-sized one), and ordinarily pork, chicken, or duck is the dish served at more modest feasts. They may be prepared in the form described above, in *satés*, *lawar*, *getjok*, or simply split and roasted with a peppery sauce. Duck is stuffed and steamed (*bebek betutu*). Although the expression: "He has to eat banana leaves" is used to give emphasis to someone's extreme poverty, a delicious dish and a great delicacy is the *kekalan*, made of tender shoots of banana leaves cooked in turtle blood and lime juice. Balinese cooking attains its apotheosis in the preparation of the famous *bé guling*, stuffed suckling pig roasted on a spit, the recipe for which was also given to Rose by the Belaluan cooks:

After the pig has been killed, pour boiling water over it and scrape the skin thoroughly with a sharp piece of coconut shell. Open the mouth and scrape the tongue also. Cut a four-inch incision to insert the hand and remove the viscera. Wash the inside of the pig carefully with cold water. Run a pointed stick through the mouth and tail and stuff the pig with a mixture of:

red chili-pepper (*lombok*)	*bogaron*, *tinké* (nuts resembling ginger)
garlic	*tjekoh* (an aromatic root of the ginger family)
red onions	black pepper (*meritja*)
tumeric (*kunyit*)	*srá* (concentrated fish paste)
ginger (*djahé*)	aromatic leaves (*saladam* or *ulam*)
salt	and *ketumbah*, a variety of peppercorn.

Chop all these ingredients fine, mixing them with coconut oil. Stuff the pig with the mixture, placing inside a piece of coconut bark, and then sew up the cut. To give the skin the proper rich

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brown colour, bathe the pig, before roasting, in tumeric crushed in water, and rinse off the excess root. Make a big wood fire and place the pig not directly over it, but towards one side. Forked branches should support the end of the stick that serves as a spit, one end of which is crooked to be used as a crank by a man who turns the pig constantly (*guling* means to turn), while another man fans the fire to direct the flame and smoke away from the pig. The heat should be concentrated on the head and tail and not in the middle so as not to crack the skin of the stomach.

After a few hours of slow roasting the juiciest and most tender pork is obtained, flavoured by the fragrant spices, inside of a deliciously brittle skin covered with a golden-brown glaze. Few dishes in the world can be compared with a well-made *bé guling*.

When the food is ready and the guests are assembled, sitting in long rows, they are served by the leading members of the *bandjar* and their assistants, who circulate among them carrying trays with pyramids of rice and little square dishes of palm-leaf pinned together with bits of bamboo, containing chopped mixtures, *satés*, and little side dishes of fried beans (*botor*), bean sprouts with crushed peanuts, parched grated coconuts dyed yellow with *kunyit*, and preserved salted eggs. Others pour drinks; *tuak* (palm beer), *brom*, a sweet sherry made from fermented black rice, or more rarely *arak*, distilled rice brandy. More frequently water alone is served; it is only old men who are fond of alcoholic drinks, drinking, however, with moderation and never becoming drunk. During our entire stay in Bali we never saw a man really drunk, perhaps because the Balinese dread the sensation of dizziness and confusion, of losing control over themselves.

COSTUME AND ADORNMENT

At home and at work the Balinese like to be free of excessive clothing; ordinarily the dress of both men and women consists simply of a skirt called *kamben* (the women wear an underskirt –

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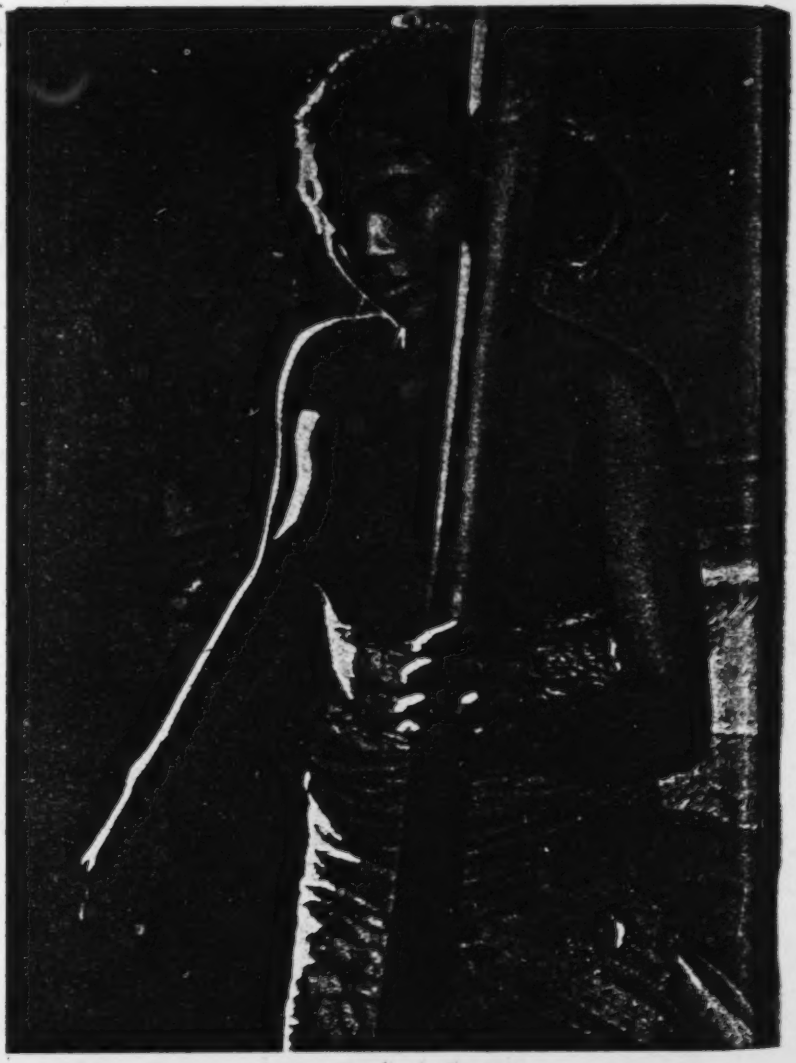

Irsak with a rice pestle

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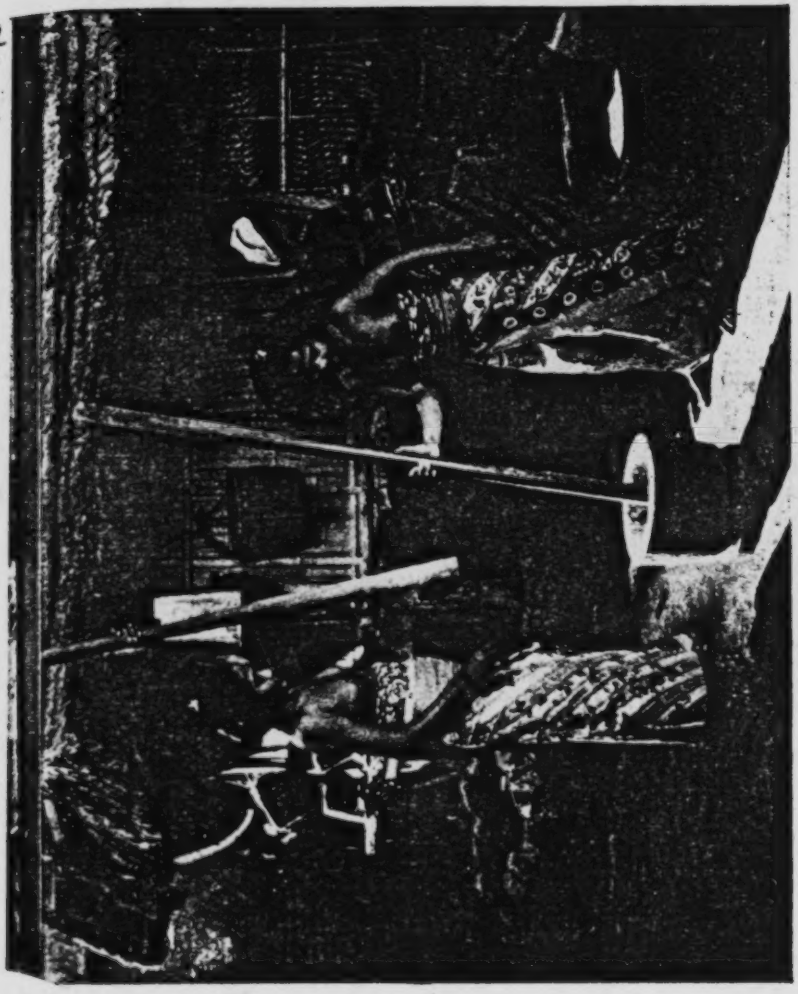

Girls of Sanur pounding rice

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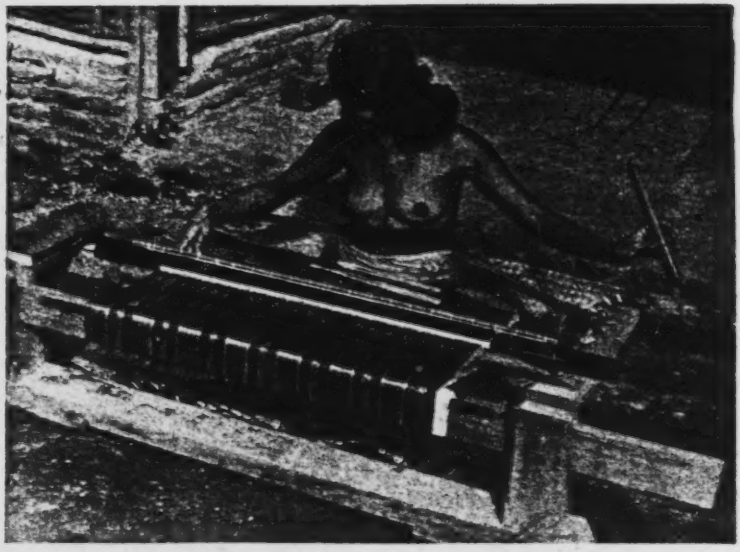

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ABOVE: A noblewoman at her loom

BELOW: For banquets men prepare quantities of saté, turtle meat en brochette, broiled over a bed of hot coals

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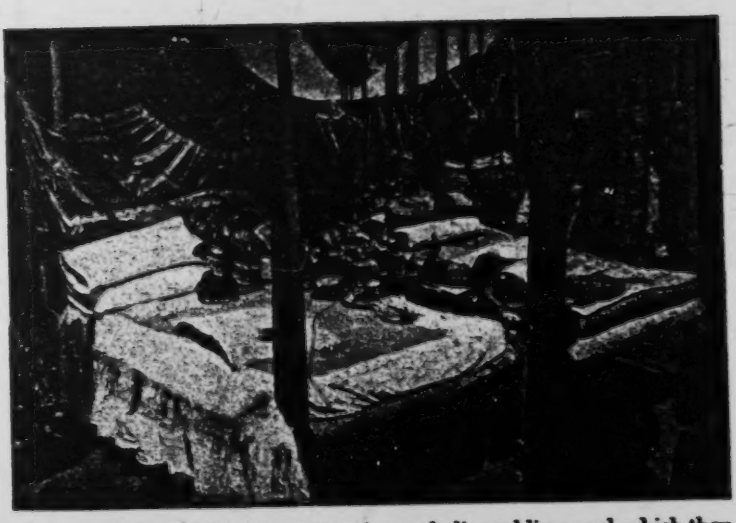

A bridegroom and his bride stirring the symbolic wedding meal, which they must cook and eat together. BELOW, two beds provided with special marriage offerings, ready for a double wedding ceremony

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fully preserved and reverently handed down by the people for perhaps five hundred to a thousand years.

The palm-leaf instruction books are referred to chiefly while a young priest is studying for office. As a rule by the time he is ready to officiate the order of the ritual and the prayers have become so familiar to him that he needs no book of instructions. Similarly, the array of offerings is taken care of by the women, special offering experts, who seem to be able to carry in their heads the thousands upon thousands of minutiae without which the offerings would not be complete, and in their finger tips, the necessary twist of the knife to cut out this or that intricate design in the folded leaves of young palm which will form the decorative fringes, panels, streamers, and top-pieces.

As the day of the festival approaches, more and more time is required of the villagers. At the last moment, a few thousands of small cakes are to be baked. Elaborate compositions of flowers and fruits and cakes have to be built up on a banana-stalk base, each unit impaled on a bamboo skewer to hold it in its place in the formal design of the offering. The meat offerings are the last to be got ready, lest they spoil in the heat, and these are the especial care of the men. A pig is killed, sometimes a calf, and ducks and chickens by the dozen. Intestines are pulled out and washed and refilled to make sausages. Fowls are roasted over spits. A great chopping and hashing goes on feverishly for many hours, as the men mix up concoctions of vegetable, meat, and blood to form around the little skewers for roasting and to serve up in mounds to accompany the rice. A special attention is to cut up the fat of the pig into flowers, impale these and fix them in a central support, to form a bouquet of pig-fat, one of the most imposing of the ornamental offerings.[4] But in the course of all these preparations, though the tongue be hanging out for a taste of the unwonted delicacies, no one forgets that this is a feast for the gods, and that the villagers will only get their share after the gods have been served. They will receive, as it were, the leavings from the gods' table, which they call *loengsoeran*, literally, "what is asked back."

For the occasion of the festival the local players of the *gamelan* orchestra, the actors and dancers of the village often prepare a new performance. Many hours of rehearsal may go into working up a new composition, based on the old melodies and rhythms, but recreated for the festival performance. If the village boasts trained dancers, these also go through a rigorous training period before making their "opening" at the temple festival. In many cases, especially if the village has funds, neighboring troupes of dancers and actors are invited to give a performance for a small fee and a part of the feast, or again a play may be arranged with the local talent augmented by one or two famous players, a clown or a player of a princely role, who comes from a distant village and adds to

[4] See Bateson and Mead, 1942, p. 115, Plate 30, Nos. 3, 4.

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baas aboengboeng	uncooked rice, a bamboo measure (about 3 lbs.)
lengis atengah poetjoeng	cocoanut oil, 1/2 bottle (1 pint)
njoeh 3	3 cocoanuts
taloeh 3	3 eggs
djedjaitan	palm-leaf containers and decorations
boesoeng apapah	1 frond of young cocoanut leaves
bioe 15	15 bananas
siap aoekoed kemboel teloe	1 chicken between 3 households
pipis 100	100 Chinese cash (about 15 cents Dutch)

Individual adjustments may be made with the *petadjoeh*, if a member has an excess of one commodity and is short of another. But as a rule the members bring the specified allotment, called *pesoe-pesoean* (what is given out). Every member is a farmer, and can provide all of the requirements from his own rice-fields, garden, and barnyard —with the exception of the money. If the temple has funds in hand, it may not be necessary to ask for any contribution of money. The money is chiefly used for the purchase of a pig, an essential constituent of the *odalan* offerings and the feast. Many of the offerings must also contain a "filling" of a few cash when they are presented. Three to eleven cash are usually all that an offering must contain. These pennies the priest keeps. He estimates that he receives from all the offerings of the *odalan* about 1,000 cash, less than one and a half guilders. Small amounts also go to the players of the orchestra (*gamelan*) in the *sesantoen* offering presented to them. The players are given a feast at the expense of the members of the temple, as their true compensation, and the *sesantoen* offering is given only as a token of a fee. If it contains 135 cash (twenty cents Dutch) that is considered sufficient. The priest likewise receives a fee of *peras adjengan sesantoen* offerings, containing 135 cash.

On the first day of preparation, the third before the festival, the wooden slit-gong is sounded at about eight o'clock in the morning, calling the workers to the temple. On this morning it was understood that women were chiefly needed, and therefore from most of the houses a woman or a girl was sent. At the temple the *petadjoeh* was on duty, beginning to check off the *pesoe-pesoean* (contributions) as they were brought in. He was studying a sheaf of *lontar*-palm leaves (*pipil*) which he had divided into 105 squares, one for each household. Fines were [689] imposed for contributions brought late, and a careful record was kept of any omissions or substitutions.

Of the four men whose turn it was to serve as *sinoman*, two were present, and the other two had sent their women. One of these men had been detailed to fetch water for the temple, the other to chop wood to [252] start the fire in the temple kitchen. The two women were busy in the kitchen preparing the rice-flour to be made into cakes. Groups of women

[TEXT CONTINUES ON p. 16 -- ANALYST]

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Groups of women

*796 794 [415] began to gather under the roofs of the other pavilions, to fashion from the sheaves of young palm leaves the many and varied containers that would be needed for the offerings. Hundreds of these are required, big ones, small ones, round, square, and triangular ones, each to be cut out, twisted into shape, and pinned together with bamboo slivers. The more dexterous of the women assumed the task of fashioning the decorative top-pieces (*sampian*) with many curls and whorls and flutings, and graceful fringes hanging all around, which would adorn the offerings.

●[252] When the rice-flour was ready, colored in vivid red and green, the specialists in *peregèmbal* cakes set to work molding it into distinctive shapes: the *paksi*, a bird with knobby buttons down the front of his jacket, the *doekoeh ngaba siboeh*, a "hermit holding a coconut full of water," the magical *waringin* tree. Other women were frying flat round cakes, and setting them to sun in the middle of the court. A special set of offerings was prepared at once to be presented in each of the ten shrines in the temple court and in the kitchen, "because the offerings were being made in the temple."

[982] This giving of offerings for making offerings may be interpreted either as a polite gesture towards the gods, a gracious way of letting them know that the temple, their house, was being used for this purpose — or as a precautionary measure, to appease their appetites so that nothing should go amiss while the big offerings were being prepared. In each shrine was set an *adjoeman* (food) and a *tjanang*[1] (betel-chewing ingredients).

Meanwhile, the men who had come to work instead of their wives sat [322] together splitting up bamboo to be used for offering frames, for skewers, needles for the pinning of the delicate palm-leaf fancy-work, or supports for the construction of special altars and stands on which the offerings would be set out.

Towards noon the hundred or so people departed, leaving the *sinoman* in charge. Again about three the *koel-koel* beat, recalling them to the temple. And the work went on, till the evening. That night a detachment of ten men was detailed to sleep in the temple, to guard it (*mekemit*).

[1] The *tjanang* is the slightest and the most frequently used offering, serving a [782] multitude of purposes. It is a little tray made of palm-leaf, containing a flower, [276] ingredients for betel-chewing in minuscule quantity, and a twist of palm-leaf [302] called an "oil receptacle" (*wadah lengis*), a mere token of perfumed oil. Besides these it may contain tiny amounts or tokens of perfumed ointment and sandalwood water. Three specific types of *tjanang* may be called for:

1. *Tjanang genten*, contains *porosan* (roll of betel), *boenga* (flower), *wadah lengis* (oil receptacle).
2. *Tjanang lenga wangi*, or *tjanang boerat wangi*, contains *porosan*, *boenga*, *wadah lengis*, as above, *borèh mijik* (perfumed ointment), *lengis kodjo* (other perfumed oil), *jèh tjenana* (sandalwood water).
3. *Tjanang gantal*, contains *lekesan* (roll of areca nut, betel-leaf, lime, and tobacco), *bocah 5* (areca nuts, 5), *wadah lengis*.

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PLATE II

*796
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782

[516]

(a) Women make offerings of flowers and palm-leaf

[252]

(b) Men prepare the meat offerings: a pig for roasting

[532]

(c) Offerings of cakes in an endless variety of designs

[opp. p. 17]

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"begged" of anyone who has them growing in his garden. Many offerings contain a "filling" of fruits, cakes, etc., called by the term *raka*, which denotes that they are not indispensable, but may be added at will, according to what is on hand, to fill out the offering. In the *banten pané* referred to above, however, all the fruits and vegetables were requisites (*perloe*).

It can be imagined what a scurrying it takes at the last moment to make sure that no item is missing from any one of the thousands of offerings.

The men had by this time got up the *Panggoengan*, a high temporary shrine set up outside and immediately opposite the temple gate, destined for the "followers of the God of the Goenoeng Agoeng." This shrine, before the *odalan* began, would be flanked by tall *penjors*, decorated bamboos rising to the sky, and bent over at the tip by the weight of a lovely palm-leaf confection — said to attract the attention of the gods' hungry followers to the meat offerings especially set there for them, so that they will not invade the temple and despoil the offerings intended for the gods. From this shrine also will hang the intricate palm-leaf panels (*lamak*) cut out by the girls with the cleverest fingers. Those who undertake to provide for the temple the *penjors* and the *lamaks* are let off from part of the usual routine work.

Third day

On the third day of the preparations — that is, the day immediately preceding the *odalan*, there was much rice to be cooked in the kitchen. When ready, it had to be formed in various shapes, rounded cones, cylinders, rolls and packets. Some of the *bandjar* members had not yet brought their allotted portions. Rice was still coming in, a woman was busy measuring it. The *petadjoeh* checked off on his *pipil* the names of those who would be fined for coming late. On this day all the workers, male and female, were required to be present. The temple was crowded with more than two hundred members. There were still many offerings to be completed, and the time had come for the decorations to go up.

Around under the eaves of all the little shrines and buildings hung fringes of brightly colored cloth, sewn in a complex patch-work design. Gay curtains of calico were arranged about the "beds" or raised platforms of the *Pengaroeman* and *Pepelik*, where the gods would later be placed, and the offerings arrayed. (In the old days these valances and curtains were the lovely Balinese paintings, but most of these have been sold and are now replaced by calico.) From the corners of every shrine dangled festoons of palm-leaf confections, *gantoeng-gantoengan*, their crisp fringes stirring in the breeze. From the door or opening of every shrine hung *tjenigaan* of patterned palm-leaf, smaller editions of the

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CHAPTER THREE

DAY OF THE ODALAN

Making meat offerings (Mébat)

*196 Before dawn on the morning of the *odalan* the *koel-koel* beat to call the men to the temple to kill the pig (*nampah tjelèng*). The hundred workers were all men, for this is their especial duty in the making of the offerings — *mébat*, the cutting up, chopping, grilling, roasting, and mixing with vegetables and spices of the meat of any slaughtered animal. Many of the mixed dishes (*lawar*) contain rasped coconut, and the job of scraping out the coconut meat, and grating it, kept a number of men busy. Others were pounding on blocks of wood the mixed paste of meat and various spices which would be molded onto the little skewers (*saté*). When these were ready they were laid out over hot coals on a specially constructed grill, fanned and turned by still other workers. The intestines of the pig were washed, and used for making sausages. Part of the raw meat was set aside, and divided into 105 equal portions, for the members to take home, along with their allotment of the *satés*, *lawars*, and other concoctions from the feast.

Especially important was the making of two tree-like offerings (*saté toenggoch*, *saté djerimpen*) from the fat of the pig cut into flower-like designs, impaled on sticks and stuck into a central holder of banana-stalk, to form a cone, not unlike the construction of the *tjanang rébong*. These, when ready, were placed in each of the two *Panggoengan*, the one inside the temple court for the *gendaroewa*, followers of the God of the Temple, the other, the temporary shrine set up opposite and outside the temple gate, for the *gendaroewa* who are followers of the God of the Mountain Goenoeng Agoeng (and of Goenoeng Batoer). It is to be noted that pig meat can under no circumstance be offered to gods (*betara*), whose meat diet is restricted to chicken, duck, and water-buffalo (beef, goat, goose, deer, etc. may be offered to demons, not to gods). The pig is provided to cater to the appetites of the less fastidious guests in the gods' retinue, *gendaroewa*, *kala*, *boeta*, and those of the hosts themselves.

The actual *pemangkoe* of the *Poera Nayasari* is an old man, now extremely feeble, and so rheumatic that he has difficulty in stretching out his legs. He came, however, tottering to the temple on the morning of the *odalan*, and remained there, eating and sleeping in the temple, until after the gods had "gone home" on the fifth day. He has since that time not left his house, and at the subsequent *sepèn* in this temple, six months

3: Belo E-5 (1931-1939) 1953 OF7 Bali OF7.

*796 [778] (*tatakan*), and joined at the top. Into this body were pushed, besides the central liver, separate weavings for each of the following:

tangkor	chest
toelang iga-iga (2)	rib bones
basang wajah	the old belly
basang ngoeda	the young belly (intestines)
odel	navel
lilit linting	sinews or blood-vessels? (literally, coiling)

The head was a fan-shaped *linggih-linggihan*, similar to the one topping the *tjanang rébong*. A final addition was the *djan sesapi*, or bird-ladder, indeed formed in the shape of a ladder with two winged birds at the top, inserted into the body "*apang dadi widiadara-widiadari ke tengah*" (so that the *widiadara-widiadari* may get inside). When ready, a few grains of rice and a sheath of betel were dropped into the two figures, and flowers added to adorn their headdresses. Each was then dressed in a little skirt of calico, tied on with a sash. They were placed on the shelf of the *Balé Pengaroeman*, the male to the right and the female upon his left,[14] to await the evening when the spirits would arrive to enter into them.

Members' feast (*Bandjar ketegakan*)

[252] It was now long past midday, and men of the *bandjar* who had been busy all the morning with their steaming, boiling, mixing and grilling of delicacies — an activity quite apart from all that had been going on for the honor of the demons and the gods — had now finished their savory task, and were ready to go home to enjoy the fruits of their [264] [178] labor. The feast of the members, an essential part of temple festivals in the old-style villages, has been dropped as a communal activity in the villages of this district. The members prefer to take each his share home with him, so that he may enjoy it in private, and together with his family. But the term used is still *ketegakan* (to be seated, to eat together), just as if the members had sat down in formal lines to a communal repast. The men left the temple, each bearing his allotment of raw meat, *lawar*, *saté*, and rice. Towards evening the *bandjar* would again be recalled, but this time, for the great majority, it would be the women of the household who came.

Giving of offerings (*Matoeran*)

*796 780 5 p. m. Shortly before sundown, one could see coming along the lanes leading to the temple, along the foot-paths and along the rims of the rice-field walls, lines of women bearing each an offering on her head.

[14] In other districts we have seen 2, 3, or 1 *pepaloh*. Sometimes it is said that all are female, sometimes that they are one male and two females, etc.

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*845 [1116] compassion, to help the banished ones, for it is lonely beside the graveyard and evil creatures (*léyak*) roam there at night, and one would not dare to be there alone, no, not even ten strong men would dare to sleep there, but if there are fifty it is noisy and no one is afraid.

*845 [1317] 349 So the villagers brought bamboo poles and rough mats of woven coconut fronds and sheaves of the long grass which grows upon the hillsides. With the posts of the old house and a few green trees as supports, they patched together a shelter some forty feet long by twelve feet wide. (The original house measured perhaps fifteen feet by nine). At the northwest end (*tĕbènan*) of the building a private room was walled off for the parents with the twins, provided with a hearth for their use. The watchmen have two long rows of boards laid on stones for their sleeping place, and a kitchen outside to the southeast. The mother and the father of the twins may not cook their food in the same kitchen with the watchmen, for they are too unclean.

[250]

*845 By evening the *kubu* was ready, a draughty and uncomfortable place, for the reception of the unlucky family. The mother of the twins, still weak from a difficult birth, was carried down the hillside and installed in this prison which she might not leave for a month and seven days. The grandmother of the twins carried in a coconut shell their joined placenta, wrapped in cloth together with as much of the blood, amniotic fluid and sack, as could be collected.

[826] The *ari-ari* (placenta with umbilical cord) of any new born child is called his brother (*nyamă*) and must be buried in or before the house. A shrine is made for this ugly

[1178] and terrifying brother, and offerings given to it daily so that it may watch over the living child. The *ari-ari* of the twins was taken to the *kubu* and buried under the hearth in the private room of the parents.

I have heard in Bali that twins such as these are 'wrong' because the boy and the girl are as if married in the womb. I have heard also that if a boy child brings his wife with him out of the womb, it is a birth such as only gods and kings may have. For the common *sudrā* it is an affront to

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On the twelfth day after the birth of the twins the ceremony *nyambutin* was celebrated in the *kubu*. After *nyambutin* in Sukawanã the usual child and his parents are sufficiently purified to be allowed to enter the temples. Although for the family of I Lèwèr there still remained thirty days of exile, during which they might not even enter the village, much less the temples, still these small offerings had to be made according to custom.

During the last days the men of the village were busy at the *kubu* cutting trees into blocks for the chopping of the meat offerings, weaving rough trays of split bamboo, preparing skewers and sharpening knives for the feast. It is a part of the custom that the villagers must not only contribute to the offerings but lend their indispensable aid in the making of them, for it is an array such as no single family could prepare alone. In return they are treated to a feast at the expense of the father of the twins. In the houses of I Lèwèr's erstwhile neighbors the materials were collected. Each man sent his share, according to his means. If a rich man should send a poor contribution, he would be too ashamed! The women cooked the rice and formed it into little cones, and into cakes of varied shapes and colors, and of sugar and riceflour they made still other dainties for the gods and for the demons. They wove plates of palm-leaf, and decorative fanshaped, circular, and trailing *sampéans* as top-pieces for the offerings, all of the young yellow leaf cut with a knife in strong simple design. The part of the men is the killing and preparation of the animal offerings. On the day before the ceremony they killed the water-buffalo, skinned it, and cut and cooked the meat in various ways. The next morning the calf, pig, goat, goose, ducks, chickens, and the three-colored dog ('red', black and white) were killed and made ready. At eleven o'clock in the morning I Lèwèr's neighbors were still busy finishing the last dozens of palm-leaf decorations necessary for the offerings. When all was done the splendid array was laid out upon the bare ground where I Lèwèr's house had stood, and they were enough to completely

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595 children, and her third son, Poepoel, who is unmarried. Her youngest son,
591 Popol, lives with his wife and child in the "town house" with his father and
Metoe. Metoe's daughter Loe'ed lives with her husband and her six children
592 in another koeboe also on her father's land, for the husband is poor and landless, and glad to work his father-in-law's fields in return for his share of the crop. (He is not a sentană, as Méweh has sons enough to carry on the line. Such a working relationship is called silih, which has the meaning of borrowing or repaying a debt, in friendly exchange.) Soewakă says that all these people, that is the two wives with all their children, sons- and daughters-in-law, and grandchildren (with the exception of the daughter Sémbrod and the son Keroenă), and including also the old mother of Metoe, all these people "get rice at his house." But those who live in the koeboes cook it in their own houses. Here the term which was used for the de-
● 592 pendence of Dog in Rendah's house, ngerob, does not apply, for although they share the crop, they do not share a kitchen. Nevertheless Metoe's portion, which came to Soewakă as sentană, has sufficed to maintain his entire second family, as well as Metoe's daughter, with her husband and six children.

Keroenă, the eldest son of Soewakă and Méweh, also became a sentană.
591 He married Saboh, the only daughter of Njadet and Njambléh. Njambléh
608 is his mother's paternal parallel cousin, and Njadet the son of his mother's
580 father's paternal parallel cousin (fig. 1, II). It will be remembered that Njadet and Njambléh were the children of paternal parallel cousins (p. 16).

The youngest son of Méweh, Popol, has married his maternal cross-cousin, Te'er, the daughter of Gari (fig. 1, IV, a). But this description, though biologically true, does not quite fit the case. Gari, born the brother of Méweh, was adopted at the age of three months by a childless uncle, Klepoeg. He became, then, by adoption, Méweh's paternal parallel cousin, instead of her brother. The marriage of Popol and Te'er is to be considered socially as another marriage of the children of paternal parallel cousins (fig. 1, IV, b).

580 There is one more child of Méweh who concerns us here, the daughter
611 Sémbrod, who married the son of her father's male paternal cross-cousin (fig. 1, III). Her case differs from that of her brother Popol, in that her relation to her husband sprang from an original cross-cousinship, carried through a parallel phase in the second generation; and Popol's relation to his wife (considered socially) sprang from an original parallel cousinship, carried through a cross phase in the second generation. Note that the description of Sémbrod's case holds true whether she is considered as the